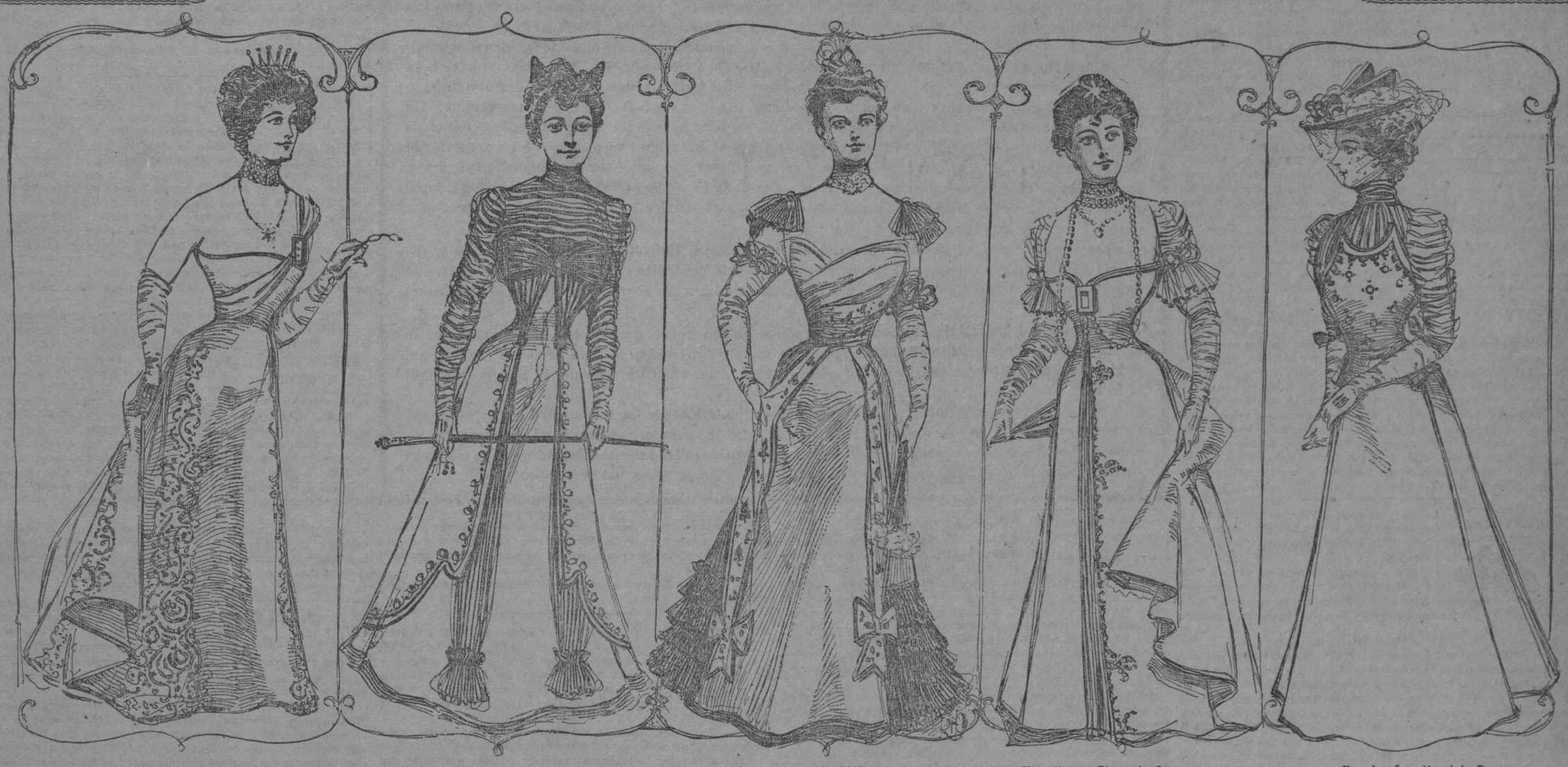
Worn by Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Sloane,

Five Prettiest Gowns Worn at Newport Last Week.

Mrs. Norrie, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Belmont.



Mrs. William Starr Miller's Dress.
Mrs. William Starr Miller wore a Worth costume of pale green, most artistically designed.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s Dress.
A most becoming gown of mauve muslin and white embroidery was worn by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Mrs. Oliver Belmont's Attire.
Mrs. Oliver Belmont was attired in a charming gown of yellow satin and black net, with ribbon trimmings.

Mrs. Henry Sloane's Gown.
A white satin dress worn by Mrs. Henry Sloane was designed by Worth. It was trimmed in seed pearl embroidery.

Mrs. Lanfear Norrie's Dress.
The Worth gown worn by Mrs. Lanfear Norrie was dainty in design and beautiful in texture. The material was lemon crepe, with white embroidery.

FELIX FAURE'S HIGH REWARD.

By the Marquise de Fontenoy.

IF it had been possible to increase the sympathy which President Faure has not hesitated all along to openly express for Spain in her conflict with the United States, they would assuredly have been augmented a hundred fold by the action of the Queen Regent in conferring upon him the Order of the Golden Fleece, which is the most illustrious, celebrated and highly-prized order of chivalry in Europe.

President Faure has just a touch of snobbery in his disposition, due, perhaps, to the schooling which he received in England, where his life was passed, mainly among the middle classes. This renders him particularly appreciative of all the attributes and prerogatives of his high office, and of the opportunity which it affords him of consorting on a footing of quasi equality with crowned heads.

But he is perfectly aware that he will lose all these privileges when he goes out of office and becomes once more plain "Monsieur Faure." The Order of the Golden Fleece, just conferred upon him, will, however, remain to him even after his return into private life, and will give him a social rank and prestige possessed by no other Frenchman now living, save, perhaps, the Duke of Orleans and the aged Prince of Joinville, who are like himself members of this order.

For it endows him with an honorary cousinship with the rulers of Spain and of Austria, and with the members of the reigning family of these two countries, each of which regard the Golden Fleece as the supreme distinction in the power of the Crown to confer.

The order was founded away back in 1459, by the Duke of Burgundy, and until the year 1700 was considered the exclusive attribute of the imperial house of Hapsburg. It may be remembered that in that year the last Hapsburg King of Spain died, and was succeeded at Madrid by a member of the French house of Bourbon. The new French-born King of Spain insisted that, inheriting the Spanish crown, he had likewise inherited the right to confer the Golden Fleece, and this right has been maintained ever since by his successors.

The statutes of the order are different in Spain to what they are in Austria. For, whereas in the latter country the rules prescribe that every member of the order should be not only a Catholic born, but should likewise have eight Catholic and royal or noble ancestors on the father's side and eight on the mother's side (that is to say, eight successive generations of ancestors thus qualified), in Spain the order is conferred sometimes upon men of plebian birth and of Protestant faith.

Thus the Prince of Wales and his brother, the Duke of York, and the present Emperor of Germany, have all received the Order of the Golden Fleece from Spain, the Emperor of Austria having been unable in consequence of their creed to confer it upon them, while among the Spanish knights who cannot be considered as fulfilling the Austrian requirements on the score of ancestry is Premier Sagasta, who is like his late rival, the murdered Conservative Premier Canovas (also a Knight of the Golden Fleece) the son of a peasant.

There has been so much discussion in France with regard to the necessity of devising some suitable uniform or ceremonial costume for the President to wear on state occasions that he might consider the advisability of donning at functions of this kind in future the picturesque dress to which he has become entitled as a Knight of the Golden Fleece. At any rate, he can no longer complain that he has no state garb to wear and that he is restricted to the plain democratic evening dress which is worn alike by the gentleman and the waiter.

President Faure would doubtless look very magnificent in the gala dress of a Knight of the Golden Fleece. It is a gorgeous affair, consisting of red velvet coat of the King Philippe Le Bel cut, a cap of velvet purple embroidered with gold and surmounted by a couple of huge heron plumes, red velvet knee breeches, white silk stockings, gold buckled shoes and an ermine bordered and lined mantle of purple velvet.

On ordinary occasions the jewelled insignia, consisting of the golden fleece of a ram, is worn around the neck by a broad crimson moire ribbon.

The knights of the order have precedence over everybody else at court functions, both at Vienna and at Madrid, and in Austria, as well as in Spain, are exempt from the jurisdiction of ordinary tribunals, and can claim trial by the chapter of the order, no matter what the crime laid to their charge.

It is a source of much regret to both the Queen Regent of Spain and to the Emperor of Austria that the insignia of the Golden Fleece worn by Duke Philip of Burgundy, the founder of the order, and picked up on the battle field on which he met his death, should now be in the hands of the disreputable Don Carlos.

It is a superbly jewelled affair, and some ten years ago was the subject of a very sensational trial at Milan. Don Carlos, being short of funds and pressed for money by some of the infamous women with whom he was at the time openly consorting, deliberately pawned the jewel at the Mont le Piete, or State pawn establishment, at Milan.

This having come to the ears of his wife, the late Duchess of Madrid, and to those of the Emperor Austria, a great scandal ensued, from which the Pretender vainly attempted to escape by insisting that the insignia had been stolen by General Boet, the most faithful and devoted of all his adherents, and who had given the greater portion of his life to serving Don Carlos as aide-de-camp.

Don Carlos probably thought that the General's devotion would go to the extent of submitting quietly to the charge of being a thief in order to save the good name of his master—that is to say, to sacrifice his own honor for the sake of that of the Prince.

But in this Don Carlos was mistaken. For on the case being brought up for trial the General, to the dismay of Don Carlos, while admitting that he had pawned the insignia of the Golden Fleece, furnished incontrovertible testimony to the effect that he had done so in obedience to the instructions of the Pretender, and that he had immediately handed the latter all the money which he had received on the jewels.

Of course, the General was acquitted, and Don Carlos was covered with obloquy, the Emperor of Austria redeeming the jewel and devising means to prevent it from any further desecration of this kind.

It, however, is now once more in the hands of Don Carlos. Let me add that President Faure has received the Order of the Golden Fleece from the Queen of Spain as a reward for his services in bringing about peace between this country and Spain.

DEWEY EASILY FIRST.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

In several very important respects Dewey resembles Grant. He is original and audacious. Nobody ever heard him grumbling about any inadequacy of means at his command or the character of the task to which he is assigned. He does his work promptly and cheerfully with the forces at his disposal. He does it so thoroughly that it will never have to be done over again by him or anybody else. Dewey will, in history, have the primacy among the fighters of the Spanish war which Grant had among those of the war of secession. The contest for second and third places among the great personalities of the war of 1898 may be keen, but the first place belongs to Dewey.

SOME MEN ARE BRUTES.

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Plimsole, "we're never sure of anything in this life." "Yes, we are," her husband replied. "Whenever you're quiet for half a minute I am sure that you'll say something soon or bust, and I've never missed it yet."—Washington Leader.

SWELLS AND THEIR DOINGS.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

AFTER such an extraordinary, not to say unprecedented, hot season as we have had this Summer, one would think that love, like everything else, would languish. Such, however, appears not to be the case. The hotter it got the more engagements were hatched, until now with the first drop in the thermometer there comes such a rush of announcements that a column of this newspaper could not contain them all.

Love is like a celluloid collar—it never grows

VAN ALEN THINKS HE LOOKS LIKE TUM TUM.

limp. The more sudoriparous the weather the brighter does it appear.

There was once a seaside theory to the effect that young love's dream was never fully realized until the blood of sweethearts was mingled in the same mosquito. That was superseded during the past Summer, both at the seaside and in the mountains, by the precious propinquity that results in two perspirations moistening the same handkerchief.

The chappies were all going about saying, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy Summer girl," and while under ordinary circumstances it would have been considered horribly common to sweat in company, the practice was so unavoidable that the perspiring lover was not only pardoned for the offence, but became popular.

I do not recall the beginning of any Autumn time wherein so many engagements have been announced as now. When the frost comes weddings will be as plentiful as persimmons.

Among the engagements are those of Miss Alice Grenville Winthrop to Mr. F. Norton Goddard and Miss Grace Horton to Mr. Ernest Mortimer Lockwood.

Miss Winthrop is a daughter of Mrs. Grenville Winthrop, of Central Park South, and Mr. Goddard is a son of the late J. Warren Goddard, of this city. He is a member of the Metropolitan Club, which is an indication of his wealth, and he belongs to the Calumet Club, which is an indication of his temperance. He was graduated from Harvard in 1882, and altogether is an admirable gentleman, of about the right age and experience to make a good husband.

Miss Grace Horton is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Henry L. Horton, and Mr. Lockwood, her fiance, is the son of Samuel Frost Lockwood, who was well known in the Larchmont and New York Yacht clubs and in the Ocean and Essex County hunts.

Put up the shutters and tie crape on the door! Jamie Van Alen (one l, please) has arrived in England and announces that he will pass the Winter there.

Gadzooks! but it is tough to go a whole year without seeing Jamie. But that's what we must do or else go over after him.

As the Prince of Wales is to London, so Jamie Van Alen was to New York. No other American that ever lived could wear a monocle with such admirable ease and charming grace as he. In monocle manipulation he was our mentor.

He did other things, too, that commanded admiration; but most of all—and for these we love him best—his monocle and his whiskers were without rival.

I suspect that there is a sinister and ulterior motive in the determination of Jamie Van Alen to keep his one l in England all this Winter. The recent deplorable accident to H. R. H. Tum Tum, that resulted in the cracking of his royal kneecap, has something to do with this Van Alen move.

It was always Jamie's fondest hallucination that he resembled in abdominal expansion and hirsute adornment the heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain. Now that poor old Tum Tum can't get around except with the assistance of sundry menials, who knows but that some Englishman may not mistake Jamie Van Alen for the Prince of Wales?

I am glad to see that Lissie Stewart has abandoned that ill-advised idea of his of going in to entertain young people. The wise horse never tried to trot out of his class.

It's twenty-odd years now since Lissie would have been appropriately placed in a bouquet of buds, and yet the other day he gave a dinner to thirty of these little girls, and acted as though he were fit companion for them.

If a man of forty-five will only stop to think what he thought of a man of forty-five when he was twenty, and what the girls that he went a-courting then said of a man of forty-five, he wont spend much of his money on dinners for buds.

Perhaps Lissie has been thinking since that dinner. At any rate, he has made some amends for his folly by giving a dinner to a large number of people who are older than he.

The second dinner may have acted as an antidote for the first. Age and youth, after all, are only relative. At his dinner to the buds Lissie

LISSIE ENTERTAINS THE BUDS.

was an old man. At his dinner afterward Lissie was a young man, and there you are.

The most of us old bachelors would rather be young men. The way to feel so is to entertain people older than ourselves. It may bore us, but who shall say it is not better to be a bore than to be bored?

The Hamilton McKay Twomblys have tired of the Newport game and gone off to their farm in Madison, N. J., to recuperate through the Autumn.

Hamilton McKay Twombly is about the shrewdest of all the Vanderbilt sons-in-law. He looks after the dollars with true commercial instinct, and he doesn't care a rap for society except for his family.

He used to take more pleasure out of a herd of black and white cows than out of the whole of the Four Hundred.

That's why the Twomblys are now going back to Madison, N. J., instead of remaining at Newport in the most delightful part of the year.

NANTUCKET'S GRIM DELIGHTS.

By Arthur McEwen.

NANTUCKET no longer sends out ships to catch whales, but baits the island for Summer visitors, and makes more money thereby than it ever did out of oil. Summer visitors are Nantucket's only industry.

Most of them put in their time driving, wheeling and walking hours and hours daily, in an anxious endeavor to find out what the attractions are that brought them there. This is good for the health, and, with the sea bathing and the struggle to get a seat at the hotel tables, develops the muscles and exercises the temper.

'Sconset a Swell Spot.

By the time one has seen the old mill and the oldest house and heard the town crier and driven over the moors, which are as beautiful as they are worthless, it is proper to join a party of discovery for 'Sconset. 'Sconset is the swell spot of the island—a collection of cottages and huts on a bare sand bluff overlooking the beachless sea, and you perceive that there are two reasons for the existence of a settlement at 'Sconset:

1. It had to be there or out in the ocean.

2. It is as far away from Nantucket as you can get.

The resident Nantucketer persuades the Boston schoolma'am, the minor merchant from the same city and other anaemic persons of small means and few experiences that the past of Nantucket is romantic, and keeps them on the go digging into it, they shedding dimes and quarters, of course, at every downward foot.

"But why," demanded a nervous wreck from New York, who stuck to his chair and cigar on the veranda, refusing to drive any more in search of non-existent attractions, and getting even for coming by insulting the local gods, "but why should I want to know more about the past of Nantucket than I do now? The chief pleasure of a visit to Nantucket is not to see its antiquities. A bottle of beer, and the sounds of the city therewith, is worth more than all Nantucket's past.

Whales and Puritans.

"Nantucket's past! A whaleship and a Puritan. The further you remove yourself from either the better off you are. Did you ever see a whaleship, my Nantucket friends, that you are charmed by their ghosts? Well, fancy the inside of a sooty stovepipe and the smell of a soap factory, and you have the fact. A slaughter house after a fire is as romantic. Nothing so good for Nantucket ever happened as the death of the filthy whale trade. A few people here made money and the streets were full of drunken sailors. Now nobody does anything but collect from me and take it easy the rest of the year.

"Hang your oldest house! I've seen the outside of it, and that is enough. I know exactly the kind of man that lived in it two hundred years ago. His name was Coffin, I suppose, or, if not, it ought to have been. He had a countenance of corrugated iron and spoke through his nose and farmed in this barren soil with all the cheerful energy of the man who is hitting blindly and despairingly to save himself from a knock-out in the last round of a fifth-rate prize fight.

The Degeneracy of Coffin.

"Coffin was no good. He believed in infant damnation, predestination, reprobation and perseverance of the saints. He believed in witches, and would have taken a day off any time from the rocks and sand which he called his farm to burn or hang an old woman. It was for the likes of Coffin that Poor Richard wrote his maxims—'a penny saved is a penny earned,' 'take care of the shillings, and the pounds will take care of themselves,' 'early to bed and early to rise' and the rest of it. Coffin was a sour and miserable fraud who tried to fool himself and others by making virtues out of his necessities—like his descendants in Kansas and Iowa with their prohibition and Sunday laws. Coffin, being debarred by his nature and circumstances from having fun, made up his mind that fun was wicked and that nobody else should have any if he could help it. It was Wendell Phillips, wasn't it, who said that the Puritan's idea of hell is a place where every one has to mind his own business? He meant that for Coffin.

"There goes the pleasantest sight I've seen in Nantucket—a nice, serene, old Quaker lady. She wouldn't be serene if Coffin were alive and could have his way in the name of the Lord as he used to have in that oldest house—admission ten cents. He'd have chased her round and had one of her ears, and wouldn't have enjoyed worship the Sabbath following if that old lady were out of jail. The first white man that struck Nantucket had to run away from the mainland because he was too decent to live there. He'd given shelter to a hunted Quaker, and the brethren read him out of the party and confiscated a lot of his saved pennies, and so piously blasted his days and nights that he put out to sea and had reason to thank God for falling into the hands of the human Indians.

Let Well Enough Alone.

"The deeper down you dig into Nantucket," declared the nervous wreck, "the worse it gets.

"WHEN DOES THE FIRST BOAT LEAVE NANTUCKET?"

The Nantucket of to-day is as much better than Coffin's Nantucket as the New England of to-day is better than the New England of two hundred years ago. And both Nantucket and New England have got a long way to travel yet before they catch up with the modern procession in the matter of sane views of human life. The worst vice of New England is reverence for the memory of the Puritan ancestor—the memory of Coffin, the man of vinegar and bigotry and cruelty and invincible self-approval who lived in that oldest house—which is snide as a house and offensive in its associations. The outside world and time have done a heap for New England and will do more, but while the Puritan ancestor is revered New England will be cursed with an ideal hateful to the healthy mind and hurtful to those who are infected with it. Coffin is dead, and it isn't altogether for his sake that I hope Ingersoll is right as to half of the hereafter. But the life he stood for hasn't entirely perished—a mean, meagre, narrow, malignant life, not redeemed by piety, but its ugliness emphasized thereby. There isn't a church anywhere now, even in the central wilds of Massachusetts, that wouldn't be ashamed of Coffin. I don't believe they'd even admit him to the Salvation Army if he wanted to join, which he probably wouldn't, it being too joyous."

A Final Condemnation.

"Why, darn it," cried an outraged Nantucketer, "I s'pose you'll be goin' back to New York an' sayin' 't Boston an' the old Bay State is rotten!"

"No," the nervous wreck assured him. "Great improvement is to be noted in both of late years. Civilization has made strides. With the influx of the French-Canadians and the capture of Boston by the Irish a man who has the right estimate of Coffin can manage to escape all but mild persecution in city and State. The West has done a mighty work for Massachusetts by drawing away the native population. Respectability no longer, as in Boyle O'Reilly's time, stalks unchecked through the streets of Boston. There are spots there now where people fear God more than they do the opinion of their neighbors.

"As for Nantucket," remarked this iconoclast, rising and inquiring of the frozen landlord when the next boat would leave, "Nantucket be ——!"